

Mrs. S. Lief.

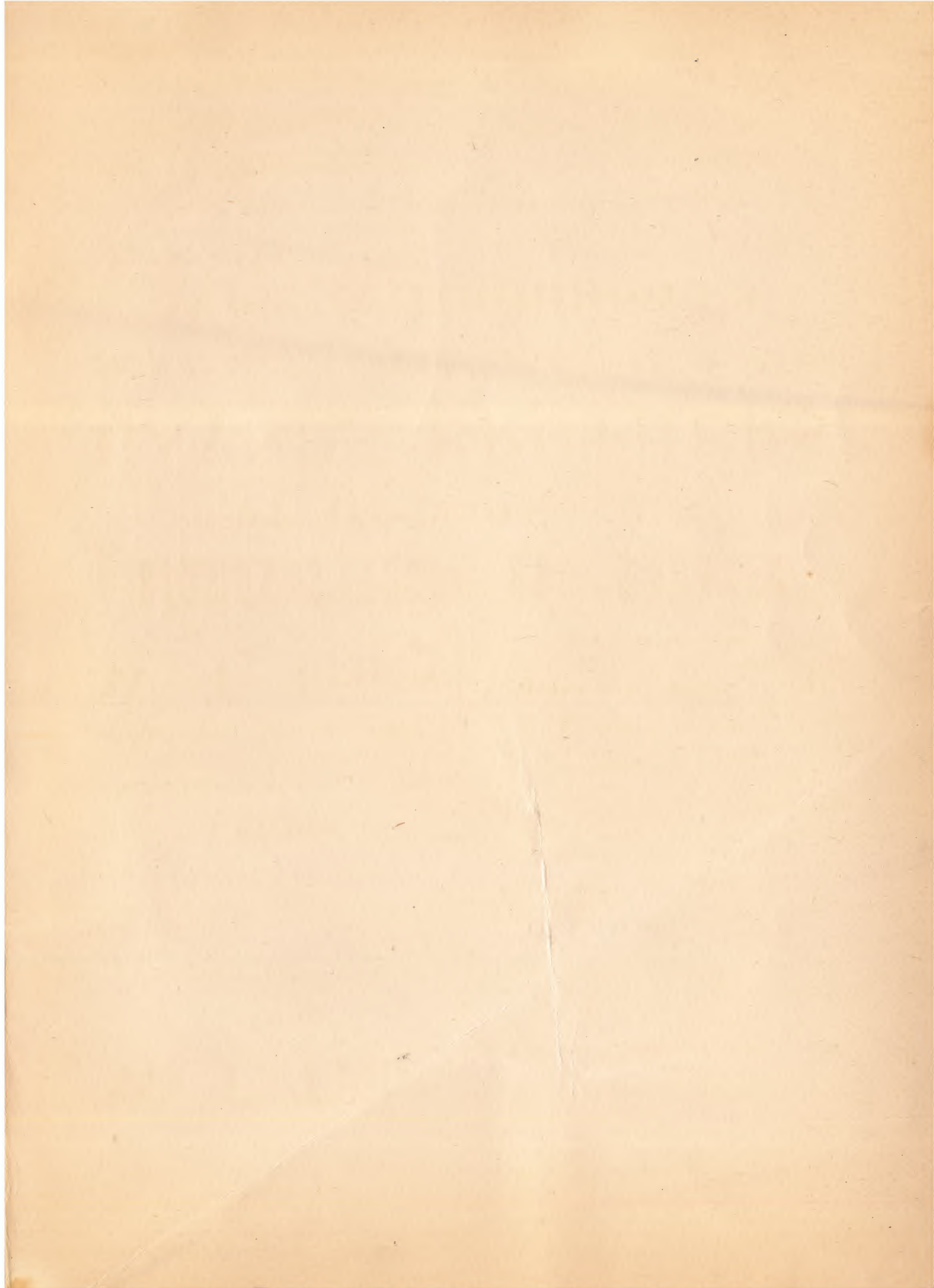
VOLUME III

NUMBER 8

MAY

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HETUCK

VOL. III

NEWARK, OHIO, MAY, 1903

No. 8

THE HETUCK

A Monthly Magazine Published by the Seniors of the
High School, Newark, Ohio.

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As the spring months roll around we often hear the Freshmen and Sophomores sigh and say they wish they were Seniors—then they wouldn't have to work, and could do just as they pleased.

All that we have to say to these hopeful ones is that they will find out some day that a Senior's life is not all play and no work.

There is one part of a High School education which many do not appreciate, and yet of all its benefits, that of class organization should be placed well towards the head of the list.

For, above all, it inspires patriotism for one's class which cannot be forgotten during the whole of one's life.

This loyalty for the class is often miscaled jealousy by those outside, but, although there is a great deal of class spirit, there is always one of friendship also.

In the second place, it cultivates any executive ability there may be in the class. The student learns how to manage an affair and carry it to an end.

Then there is a splendid opportunity for parliamentary drill in the class meetings. The ability to

say what one wishes to say in a clear and concise manner is something we feel the need of in any position of life.

There may be some who discourage class organization, but those who have had the experience, we will venture to say, do not regret it.



There have been several innovations made this year in regard to the commencement exercises of which we heartily approve.

In the first place, the plea has been made that the graduates dress inexpensively. Of course this matter cannot be entirely controlled by any but the graduates, still the request has had quite a little effect. The white shirt waist suits on class night will also look more uniform.

But the reception to the Juniors on Friday evening is much better than the old arrangement of combining the welcome to the Juniors and the reception to parents and friends on Thursday evening, after the commencement exercises.



Rev. John Coleman gave a lecture in the High School on England and English Schools. He devoted most of his time to a talk on Stratford-on-Avon and the home of Shakespeare.

The Commencement invitations have been received and have proved satisfactory. The engraving is in old English and makes a very pretty card.

Six tickets are to be given to the Seniors and two to the Juniors for the reception to the Juniors.

The Baccalaureate sermon is to be preached by the Rev. Boyce at the First Presbyterian church, on June 7th.

The date for Commencement is June 11.

THE AEOLIAN CLUB

The Aeolian Club, which is composed largely of High School pupils, gave their first annual recital at the home of Miss Katherine Vance Saturday, May sixteenth.

The musicale was quite a success, a large number of guests being present.

A VISIT TO A JAPANESE INN

E. M. S. '04.

Perhaps in no country does an American feel so strangely out of place as when landing upon the Japanese coast, and in no way can he get as correct an idea of the life and customs of the people as by entering their houses and seeing there their home life.

Next to the real Japanese home is the typical inn. Many good inns are scattered along the railroad lines and in the cities, but where they are much frequented by foreigners their quaint little customs have given place to the more Western ways and ideas, at least to a certain degree.

But we shall choose a typical, old-fashioned Japanese inn to spend the night.

As we approach the large gate of the inn, hung with metal lanterns, the shouts of the jinrikisha men of "guests" have already drawn a group of little Japanese maidens into the vestibule of the front entrance of the inn, which stands back a little distance, in a cool, shady court.

While walking up the beaten path to the vestibule, the little maids bow their shiny black heads almost to the floor and sing out in their own language their pretty words of welcome, "Enter, honorably enter."

Willingly we obey and step into the cool little vestibule. The front part of the floor is of beaten earth, the back of polished boards level with the floor of the other part of the house. Sitting down a moment on the edge of these boards, the porter hastens to untie and remove our street shoes and replace them with a dainty pair of house slippers. The clerk calls out the number of the room assigned and places our shoes away in a numbered cupboard in the vestibule, while the other porter picks up our baggage and leads the way through the long, slippery corridors and staircases, steep and narrow as ladders, to the room.

We are not a little disappointed on looking around us not to find a single piece of furniture in the room, only sliding paper panels for walls and doors, and for windows sometimes the whole side of the room opens to the street or garden, or is partly closed with more thin paper screens which allow the light to pass through. Here and there is a thin, flat cushion or two.

A maid comes bringing in a firepot or box of

burning charcoal, with a small iron kettle on a tripod in the coals. Next comes a tray, holding a teapot, tea jar, and four or five small, handleless cups, and kneeling by the firepot she makes tea and offers it and dry little cakes to beguile the time until dinner is ready.

Never be in a hurry in Japan. Their word "immediately" means any time at all, and to fret and bluster around only wins for you a reputation for bad manners.

Meanwhile we willingly accept the maid's invitation to bath—"honorable hot water," as she calls it. Usually the bath house is far away in a secluded recess of a beautiful garden. After a healthy scrub and a delicious shower bath, we are arrayed in fresh kimono and wander back at will through the little courts and alleys and clumps of bamboo trees, stopping here and there to watch the goldfish in the basins, or to admire a pretty vine spreading its long, dark leaves over a rocky pool.

On reaching our room we lounge delightfully on the soft mats or bewail the absence of chairs, whichever we feel most in the mood to do.

The meal, whether it be breakfast, dinner or supper, consists ordinarily of fish or some kind of omelette, two soups in little lacquer bowls, and a small dish of pickles, an empty china bowl for the rice with a pair, of chopsticks laid across it, and is served to each guest on a square lacquer tray by the little maid, who sits near the wooden tub of rice. One of the soups is usually made of fish, with bits of green vegetable floating around in it, the other of beans in some form. Of course the rice is the staple dish, two and three bowlfuls being eaten at a meal. Everything is daintily served, the pickles and horseradish, grated as we use it, and sometimes a bamboo leaf lending the touch of color.

Certain inns make specialties of some delicacies, such as broiled eel, buckwheat macaroni, young shoots of spring bamboo, and some let you choose your fish from a pool and cook it while you wait.

But such dainties do not very readily arouse the appetite of a Westerner, even when they include steamed eggs, cooked with fish and mushrooms.

Japanese food never tastes quite right somehow, unless eaten with chopsticks. It is quite easy, after all, having caught onto the trick, to manage them

safely, if not very gracefully. They should not be held like a knife and fork, one in each hand. The lower stick should be kept firmly against the third finger, while the upper stick is held by the thumb and first and second fingers, and plays on the other like one-half of an old-fashioned pair of tongs.

After the meal, we clap our hands and summon the little maid, who brings in the mats for the beds. These she piles one on top of the other. There is only one under sheet, tacked fast to the mat, no upper sheet, and no blankets. There is little comfort in the hard, post-like pillow for a foreigner, and wise people usually carry an air-cushion with them, and sometimes sheets and pillows. Towels and soap everyone is expected to bring. The Japanese think it a very untidy custom to wash in the bedroom, therefore no toilet sets are provided; each one goes to the bath rooms in another part of the house.

After closing the shutters of the balcony, putting up a green mosquito net on the frame if it is summer, a Japanese lantern is lighted and you are left to slumber, which you will do more readily if you have some insect powder with you, for Japan rivals Germany in abundance of fleas.

The charges at these inns are very moderate, and it is an understood thing that every guest will add a gratuity as a gift to house and servants. The amount is proportional to the rank of the guest and the kind of accommodation he has received. Of course a Japanese knows what his position requires him to give. A third more than the bill is a fair sum for a foreigner to give, after he has been charged the usual rate of seventy-five cents a day.

If you think you are not being treated as well as you deserve, a rather liberal sum may be given soon after your arrival, instead of on departing, as a sort of indication of your expectations; it is sure to be responded to promptly.

Such donations are always folded in a piece of paper and maked with the words "for gift." It is one of those little courtesies a Japanese never neglects.

When you depart the host always makes an exceedingly dainty and tasteful return gift, usually fans or printed towels or tiny teacups.



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FETICH WORSHIP IN CUBA

FERN HARRIS, '03

While superstition is an accepted characteristic of the African race, it seldom exists to a more inordinate degree than among the Cuban negroes, where fetichism is very prevalent. This fanaticism has existed for centuries and is steadily increasing among the negroes. Spain made many futile attempts to expel this religion.

In a wild spot among the mountains of Pinar del Rio, are the ruins of an ancient fetich temple. Years have passed since it was utilized as a central place of worship by the slaves from distant plantations yet to this day the crumbling walls are guarded by the aged Obi man, or native sorcerer. This old negro wields a strange influence over his countrymen for miles around, for he is attributed with the ability to bring about all manner of tribulations upon all who are so unfortunate as to incur his animosity. If the occasional traveler has the forethought to deposit a few centavos in the withered hand of the old magician, he will hear the weirdest of stories concerning this place:

"Once the great valleys on either side of the mountain were owned by two brothers, the older of whom lived in the midst of vast cane fields in the north, and the younger among his rich tobacco lands in the south. And, strange to say, the brother in the north was at enmity with the one in the south. At that time the temple on the mountain was a marvelous structure. Its tall, massive walls were covered on the outside with bright green plaster, while at each of the corners rose a square tower, likewise green without. At the top of each tower sat a great green image, each of which was gifted with the power of a special plague. The one to the south represented a land crab, controlling the plague of drought; that on to the west a frog, holding the fever plague; on the north an eagle, bearing the plague of war; and on the east, a serpent fraught with the plague of sudden death.

The inner walls of this gruesome temple were the color of blood, aside from which there were no embellishments, neither altar nor shrine. The high priest of the sect who worshipped here was a skilled Obi man, who alone controlled the four images; when he spoke to any of them they hastened to do his will. The black people from the two great valleys alone knew the whereabouts of this temple. It was the wont of these people to assemble on certain

nights of each week to perform the rites of their sect and to purchase exemption and favors from the Obi man. For by paying a certain sum they could deliver themselves of the plagues and have them sent upon their enemies.

Now it happened that the brother who dwelt in the valley to the north became curious regarding the continued coming and going of his slaves; wherefore he disguised himself one night and followed them to their mountain retreat, and learning the secret of the four plagues, an evil impulse straightway entered his heart to have them all, one after another, inflicted upon his brother. Therefore he approached the Obi man and offered his tribute as the slaves about him did, and then besought the sorcerer to send the plague of drought upon all tobacco lands in the south.

When the other brother beheld the great disaster that had been visited upon his lands, he was sore distressed; then famine stared his family in the face. Yet in the presence of his troubles he noticed his slaves suffered no ills, and perceiving that they came and went at certain intervals, he disguised himself, as had his brother, and followed them into the mountains. And as he entered, the Obi man was in the act of calling upon the frog to send the fever plague into his household. When he saw that it was his brother who desired this thing to be done, he fled from the temple to the residence of the governor, and revealed to him the secret of the fetich temple.

The next time the wicked brother approached the temple, the governor's soldiers were demolishing its walls; but as yet one tower remained, whereon sat the green servant of death. The Obi man saw him approach, and attributing all the dire misfortunes that had come to pass to him, spoke his name to the serpent, and straightway the last plague which the wicked conspirator had intended should fall upon his brother, was visited upon himself, and he fell dead before the wrecked temple."

It is an established fact that in former years there existed in various parts of Cuba a number of fetich temples, equipped with images similar to those of the temple of the story. These were destroyed during the early part of the past century by the Spaniards, in their efforts to abolish sorcery and witchcraft from among the natives. In the absence of

their former temples, the fetich worshippers in Cuba at the present time are accustomed to perform their weird ceremonies in out-of-the-way buildings or in the depths of the forest. The powers attributed to the Obi men have by no means diminished with time, but on the contrary, their evil art has come to be dreaded by many of the better class of Cubans. No Obi man of any standing among his votaries ever imperils his reputation by resorting to manual labor as a means of livelihood. Frequently, however, he is encountered along the Cuban highways or on the outskirts of interior towns, in the role of fortune teller, or palmist, in which artifices he is invariably as adept and extortionate as the gypsies of other lands.

INTEMPERANCE IN LANGUAGE

LAUREL YOUNG '04

It is possible that a few of us, at least, have never taken time in which to consider how very intemperate the language of today has become. It exists in so many different ways, and is as surely an evil, as intemperance in eating and drinking, that a few moments spent in looking at the state of affairs to which the language of today has been brought by ignorant and careless persons, may not be wasted.

Perhaps extravagance in language should heal the list, for who doesn't know some persons who can talk for an hour or so, and when they have finished, what has been said may be summed up in a few brief statements—with, perhaps, few or no points worthy of mention? We are sometimes led to think that a few misguided persons are seeking to gain a reputation for knowledge by talking a great deal, with, however, little consideration for the real worth of the statements made. There is an old saying that "still water runs deep," and surely the one who knows little or nothing on a subject and says little or nothing about it, deserves as much, if not more credit for knowledge than the one who talks a great deal and yet says nothing.

Effusion in language may be very appropriately classed under the heading of extravagance. It is very disgusting to a truth-loving, refined person to hear such exclamations as "How gloriously ravishing your hat is!" "I am perfectly charmed to have met you," or "I shall be supremely delighted to go!"

Slang has been said to be very expressive, but however that may be, it has few recommendations

for its extensive use. President Hall, of Clark University, Chicago, says that slang is good for the boy or girl of from fourteen to nineteen years of age, and that it aids them to acquire fluency. Perhaps a thorough study of the best English would answer the purpose just as well, and would constitute energy expanded in the right direction.

Yes, slang is very expressive, as may be shown by the following illustration: Once upon a time, there was a young man, and on a certain evening he made known his heart's hopes to his dearly beloved, but received a chilling response. The following day, his best friend endeavored to raise his drooping spirits and said, "Cheer up, old boy; a woman's noes so often mean yes." But he was met by the reply in a disheartened tone, "Yes, but she said 'nit'."

We must all of us agree that our great-grandparents were, in the main, of good moral character, and so trained that they would undoubtedly be shocked by some of the slang phrases commonly indulged in. Would it not be difficult for them to comprehend how a certain ball game was "enough to rattle your slats?" Picture their astonishment if in answer to some question, they should hear "Stop your knocking," "go chase yourself," "search me," and many like expressions.

Slang has been said to be the first step downward in the quick descent of bad manners. Slang in speaking is surely followed by slang in manners, for one naturally elevates the voice when using slang, and a high-pitched voice is not one of the strongest elements towards maintaining refined appearance.

Another very prevalent abuse of language is profanity. Many men allow words of profanity to rise to their lips on the slightest provocation, and to many a good, hearty "swear-word" acts as a sort of escape-valve, and relieves their feelings mightily. Such use, or rather misuse, is neither commendable nor right, for men should not call on all that is holy and mighty in moments of anger.

From the lips of a man, an oath causes us to shudder, but falling from the lips of a woman, we positively revolt in horror. Fortunately, we seldom are unlucky enough to hear a woman so degrading herself, but many used twisted and contorted forms that cannot help but make them appear coarse and unrefined.

The use of such expressions as "ginger" are even to be encouraged, for although, as the little boy said who was plowing, and who used a gentle expletive every time he struck a stone, but who was

told by the minister to say "ginger," "a fellow is thinking swear all the time."

Granted that this is true, since all of us are not mind-readers, we may not know that another is even "thinking swear," and the influence on children most especially, would not be deteriorating. And then again there is a bare possibility that one would become so used to the silence that he would forget to swear at what he considered the proper time. At any rate, the name of the father would not be brought into common, coarse utterance.

What misuse of language can be more degrading, with the exception always of profanity, than ill-criticism of our neighbors? In the first place, it is not our duty to judge others, for very often there are attendant circumstances which fully justify the actions of the one whom we so harshly criticize. We should be very careful in speaking of others and consider how our words, harmless, perhaps, as we intend them, may sound twisted by others with, perhaps, malicious intent, into meanings far different from that which we intended the words to convey. None of us ever think we have too many friends, but so often we are careless about making efforts to keep them.

"I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the gifts I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My tongue a profit and delight."

LITERARY SOCIETIES

BOUBONS

A number of fines have been collected during the year from pupils refusing to take part in the programmes. The society has appointed a committee to procure a picture with this fund which is to be hung in Room I.

The last meeting of the two societies was held in the chapel. As there seemed to be a lack of interest and the outside work of the Seniors is quite heavy, it was thought best to discontinue the meetings for the year.

The programme rendered was as follows:

Piano solo	Ethel Brillhart
Reading	Clyde Irvin
Essay	Grove Montgomery
Reading Contest	Mary Owen; Mary Adam
Reading	Helen Wefant
Recitation	Joy Edwards
Instrumental Solo	Dora Swanson

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THE FAILURE OF THE HENSING FAMILY

The Hensing family had almost everything to make them happy—in the eyes of the people at Theirtown—for they had money. Their wealth was newly acquired, for Mr. Hensing had, during the past winter, made an extremely profitable deal in coal mines, and now spring found Mrs. Hensing and the girls looking out with awestruck but wistful eyes at the great sea of society. It would take, to be sure it would take, much caution and careful manipulation to set sail upon that unknown sea, but Mrs. Hensing and the girls were confident that a golden ship was the only kind of a vessel which could withstand the waves.

I may say right here that Mrs. Hensing was a very determined woman when she once made up her mind to do a thing, and she was firmly decided that Marie Elinore, Henrietta Marguerite, Annabel Elizabeth, Josephine Theresa and Annabel Lorelei should be gotten into society, even if she had to storm the doors of the "exclusive set" with her own hands.

Mr. Hensing, being a mild man, very much under the control of his daughters and wife, made no demur, and so Mrs. Hensing commenced the enjoyable task of providing raiment for her family.

The first stronghold to be stormed was Newport, for of course it would never do to go to New York when all the elite were away. So accordingly the thirty-first of May found Mr. Hensing giving private instructions to a servant for the safe removal of his only real valuable—for his money belonged to Mrs. Hensing and the girls—an original Rembrandt, which was an heirloom of priceless value.

Many would have given all Mr. Hensing's fortune to possess the picture, but it was of no value to Mr. Hensing, save that of the ordinary affection we have for things that belong to those with whom we have been intimately associated. The picture had belonged to Mr. Hensing's mother, and he valued it for that reason alone, being ignorant of its true worth. As I said before, Mr. Hensing was giving private instructions for the safe removal of the picture, on account of the fact that Mr. Hensing and the girls had developed an alarming propensity for disposing of all the household effects which were, in their terms, "not genteel."

Mrs. Hensing had insisted on having a house in the most "fashionable" spot in Newport, and, as usual, she had her way, for when she broached

the subject to Mr. Hensing, he looked over his spectacles at her with a terrified expression (Mr. Hensing's manner was one of habitual consternation), and said:

"Certainly, certainly, my dear Belle. Certainly, if you wish it," and beat a hasty retreat.

So the Hensings were finally established in their Newport residence. The new footman was stationed in the reception hall, and Mrs. Hensing and the girls dressed in all their new garments, awaiting callers which never came.

That morning a mysterious box had arrived and about an hour after its coming, Miss Henrietta Marguerite, changing to come into the front parlor, found her father upon a step-ladder, trying the effect of a picture which he was hanging between two resplendent gilt frames.

"Papa!" shrieked the horrified Henrietta Marguerite.

Mr. Hensing dropped his hammer and turned a frightened visage upon his daughter. "Really, now, don't you think it would do?" he asked with a timid voice.

Miss Henrietta Marguerite simply pointed to the door, and Mr. Hensing passed out with such a frightened look that you might have supposed his daughter was a savage, ready to scalp him the minute his back was turned.

So it came about that Mr. Hensing's treasure reposed in the attic, while Mrs. Hensing and the girls awaited the longed for callers below.

On the north side of their house was a broad stretch of lawn, beyond which stood a house much like the Hensing house, excepting in the number of callers received daily. Mrs. Hensing did not know the name of her neighbor, but she knew that they belonged to the "exclusives," from the number of fine ladies who were driven up to the door daily.

This afternoon this lady of the house was holding a conversation with a caller.

"Yes, they moved in about three weeks ago."

"Tom says they are very wealthy and that they have an original Rembrandt. He found out from the insurance agent who came to see him yesterday. Said he found the old man unpacking it on the back porch, and that there is no doubt but that it is an original."

"What a pity. I just need one more Rembrandt for my library, and I can't get one any place."

"They might sell it. The insurance agent said that they must know its value, for the old man was taking lots of trouble with it."

"We might just go to call on them and see it, and then if we take them up a little, they might sell it. I just can't get along without it."

"Girls, here are some callers!" Mrs. Hensing was in a flutter of expectation. At last her prayers had been answered and here were callers coming up the steps. She gave hurried orders to have champagne sent into the parlor in ten minutes.

The callers departed after about fifteen minutes. Once outside they began to talk.

"Disgustingly new! The house looks like a furniture shop, and if anyone ever calls any of those horrid gilt things an original Rembrandt, they deserve to be sent to an insane asylum."

"No, I guess I can never take them up. I think Tom must have made a mistake."

And thus it happened that the Hensing family failed in their attempt to get into society.

PARODY ON THE PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Cats are harmless little things;
For the soul is dead that slumbers
When the cat at midnight sings.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And we feel our passions rise
When the voice of old gray tabby
Breaks our sleep with mournful cries.
Not entreaty, and not crying,
Is our destined end or means;
But a shoe or hair brush flying
Lends enchantment to such scenes.
Through the window swiftly flying
Goes each missile as we rave;
While our muffled hearts are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
On our stage of last night's play,
In our backyard and our neighbors',
Can be found by us next day
Trophies of our midnight labors.
Trust no cat, however pleasant,
The past I offer as my plea;
Act—act in the living present!
Put cats where they ought to be.

—Exchange.

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LOCALS

Pro. Childs and Supt. Townsend attended the banquet given by the Central Ohio Schoolmasters' Club at the Hotel Hartman, Columbus, May 8th.



Miss Harriet Jones has returned to school, fully recovered from her recent illness.



Miss May Moore was confined to her home with illness part of this last month. During her absence Miss Wallace took charge of her classes.



Miss Allen has returned from her trip abroad, and her classes are enjoying her delightful reminiscences. She will favor the different grades with Lectures on Travels and Art in the near future.



Miss Thomas missed a day of school this month on account of illness.



Mr. Tait should be congratulated for taking the visitors' prize at a pedro party given at the home of Prof. Townsend a short time ago.



A new sign has been put up in the library reading: "Silence is the law of this room."



Warren Suter, of the Senior Class, is now located in the Peoples Bank, in the capacity of bookkeeper, having completed his work and taken his final examinations in order to fill his new position.



Mr. Will McNamar, '02, is taking a business course in Iron City College, Pittsburg.



Fred Buckey, a Sophomore Commercial, will leave Newark in a short time for Cambridge, where he will make his future home.



Miss Moore—Harvey, will you slip into Room 1 and see if you can find Dante?

The many friends of Miss Martha Wilson, '03, will regret to learn that she is quite ill.



The drawing specimens of the grades up to the tenth have been submitted to Supt. Townsend, and show marked talent on the part of many of the pupils.



Teacher in Grammar—He has two sons-in-law. Gid—Does that mean that he has two sons studying law?



Miss Wotring—You seldom see animals in Italy. Once in a great while you see a team of oxen.

Will F. (in history class)—Washington was made General after the Civil War.



Martha S. and Alice B. are indisposed of late, on account of an overwhelming attack of nervous prostration and lack of energy caused by undue excitement while attending the auction in hopes of obtaining a "bargain."



Gid is at his home, resting up from sheer exhaustion having attempted to entertain the whole High School at one sitting.



Wilferd B. is suffering from dizziness.

If a man loves a maid,
that's his business;
If a maid loves a man,
that's her business;
If they get married,
that's their business;
If they need shoes,
that's our business.
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SENIOR DOINGS

At the class meeting held April 1st, Gideon Lappincott very unexpectedly resigned as business manager of The Hetuck, and the class immediately proceeded to elect his successor.

Ruth Speer and Florence Fulton were nominated, the former gaining the largest number of votes.

Before the close of the meeting the resignation of Wilferd Bolin as assistant business manager was read, but not acted upon, as he was originally appointed by the staff. Florence Fulton was afterwards appointed to fill the position.



The class has decided to give the customary Senior lawn fete on the High School lawn, Friday, May 22. If the rain on that evening (also customary) does not prevent, the Seniors expect a large attendance.



The Glee Club is to give the commencement music. This is the first time in several years that the entire programme at commencement could represent High School talent. It is a proof of the good work the club has been doing that they have been asked to help on this occasion.



The Class of 1903 has departed from the usual custom of holding the reception at Brennan's hall immediately after the graduating exercises. They have decided to hold an informal reception to the parents and friends of the Class in the G. A. R. hall on Thursday evening, and give the welcoming reception and dance to the Juniors on Friday evening at Brennan's hall.

The reason for this new departure is that the parents of the graduates and those who do not dance are, to a large degree, neglected and left to stand around by themselves, when the reception and dance are combined.



The Tuesday of Commencement week has been decided upon as Class Day. The young ladies of the Class have agreed not to make it a dress affair, but to wear white shirt waist suits.

ROUND TABLE

The supplement received in the Scribbler has been admired by many as they look over the exchanges.



We fail absolutely in trying to appreciate the arrangement of colors on the cover of the March-April number of the Ball High School Review.



We believe that our new exchange, the Argus was a little excited when the expression, "to be remarked at," was printed in the April number.



The Fram continues to improve in appearance.



We send thanks for the two copies of "Our Naval Apprentice."



She wandered down the broad church aisle,
Just as she schemed—ten minutes late;
A dangling coat tag raised a smile—
Great bargain price, \$5.98."

—The Portland High School Cardinal.



The Roaring Branch made a favorable impression upon the readers of the exchanges.



The Searchlight is very prompt in its arrival each month. The habit of being on time is one that should be cultivated more than it is.



The Mirror is one of the most faithful exchanges we have.



The Mercury is a paper which practices what it preaches. We refer to an item in the exchange column of the April number.



The Academy Student has a much better exchange column than many of the larger papers we receive.



The exchange editor of the Owl conducts that department very well and adds to the value of the paper.



The Inlander should put the names of its city and state where they could be found more readily.



The Oak, from Visalia, Cal., never fails to please us.

REALIZING HISTORY

VIII

F. MARTIN TOWNSEND

To its people Greece is Hellas and themselves the Hellenes. To the scholar no country is so fascinating and even the unlettered find themselves responsive to some of its charms. Its inspiration, though, is imparted only to a select few, who have toiled faithfully up the steep slopes of Parnassus. I once stood within the most beautiful church on earth, St. Paul's Without-the-Walls, at Rome, when an American barbarian said to me, "Huh! This is nothing! You ought to see the flats in Kansas City!" To such a withered soul Greece would not appeal.

When we realize that the old Greeks reached the high-water mark of intellectual and physical greatness, never since attained by any people, and that the impress of their thought yet shapes our literature, science and art, we must conclude that Grecian culture is something not to be ignored by any one seeking true education. In a tiny domain, well isolated from its neighbors, a mere handful of people achieved the highest eminence in art, literature, language, philosophy, science, mathematics, politics, warfare, and physical development. Their love for beauty became a passion. They worshipped nature. The mountains, the sea, and the incomparable atmosphere of Greece inspired them. Fortunately sequestered apart from other nations and tribes of low, sordid tastes, they wrought their own destiny, warmed and illumined by a vital spark of real heavenly flame.

Small wonder, then, that Greek culture has ever since been an inspiration to the broadest scholarship, cherished alike by poets, statesmen, artists, philosophers, scientists, teachers, historians and logicians.

The old-time education, now fashionably deprecated, allowed a deep bathing in the flow from Grecian springs, and produced the best types of broad and generous culture. Cicero, Saint Paul, Virgil, Bacon, Michael Angelo, Milton, Corneille, Racine, Byron, Shakespeare, Arnold, Ruskin, Jefferson, Gladstone, are some of the names that come to mind spontaneously as representatives of the Greek element in mental training, and a thousand others could readily be cited as foremost in the list. Not all were grammarians in the ancient tongue of Hellas, but one and all were permeated by the Greek spirit, caught from its life, its literature, and its history.

In our guise of imaginary tourists, we leave Constantinople by a steamer of the Neo-Hellenic Line, and after a voyage of two days in the Aegean Sea reach Piraeus, now as in the days of Themistocles the seaport of Athens. Three miles away, in the distance, we see the Acropolis, or citadel of Athens, crowned by the Parthenon. A railway covers the intervening distance. In the city we put up at one of the several fine hotels on Constitution Square, facing the Palace. All about us we hear the Greek language spoken, reminding us very much of French in its vocal effects. The student of the ancient tongue is gratified to find he can readily interpret the modern language in its written form, though the pronunciation is very strange to him, owing to the absurdity prevalent in American schools of teaching an artificial and theoretical pronunciation of Greek, which is a gross libel on Hellenic taste, and as ridiculous as would be the pronouncing of French the same as English. Greek, as the natives speak it, is a very musical language; as read in American schools it is no more harmonious than the rub-a-dub-dub of a xylophone. We discover also that the Greeks do not resemble Italians, contrary to a common impression in our land. They are of a distinct type, which once discerned is always recognizable, and reveals positively their ancient lineage. The men are remarkably fine-looking, muscular, compactly built. Not all the women suggest the beauty of the ancient statues of goddesses, but here and there we note a face and figure decidedly classic. As a rule, all Greeks have large, lustrous eyes, dreamy, fascinating.

Athens is a stylish, bright, stirring city of a hundred thousand people, somewhat apart from the ruined portions of the ancient town. Its public buildings are patterned after the ancient temples in their styles of architecture, and are well worth seeing. Among them we note the elegant Boule, or House of Parliament; the University; the Academy of Arts and Sciences; the National Museum, containing ancient sculpture; the Theatre, where the plays of Sophocles, Aeschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes, are presented in their original form of 2300 years ago. Imagine Newark to be 3500 years old, and the audiences at the Auditorium enjoying and understanding plays composed by some of its

citizens 500 years before the time of Christ! In the cathedrals of Athens it is very strange and striking to hear the New Testament read in the original Greek, just as intelligible to the congregations as the words of Shakespeare are to us; also to hear the Nicene Creed recited in its original form, just as it was adopted by the Great Council at Nicaea in the time of the Emperor Constantine; further, to see the ceremonies peculiar to the Greek Church, maintained just as they were instituted in the earliest ages of Christianity. It makes us feel as if we were actually back in the days of St. Chrysostom and St. Athanasius, with St. Paul not at all remote.

We divide our time for a week between some serious study and observation of the remains of ancient greatness, and a participation with the people in their modern prosperity and recreation. In the twilight we sit out doors in the Constitution Square, or on the terrace of the Zappeion, tasting strange beverages and candies, and listening to the military bands. The leisurely classes are out in throngs. The women dress gaily, affecting such bright colors as red and yellow. Many of the men are officers, off duty, uniformed in white from head to foot. The numerous priests are distinguished by their flowing black gowns and their odd hats, the latter resembling stove-pipe hats (without the shine), with a black cloth veil hanging from the rim down the wearer's back. The Athenians rise early, take a nap at noon-tide, and dine late the year round, weather permitting in the open air. In summer, half-past nine or ten is the evening hour for dinner, and the theatres begin after that!

In the cafes black coffee is the universal beverage, and the cigarette and the narghile the only modes of smoking. In the outskirts of the city are numerous gardens, where the people gather and sit till late at night, eating and drinking, singing and talking. On the occasion of church festivals the people are wont to linger in these gardens all the night, and lambs are roasted whole. Per contra, the fast days in the year number 153, when the people eat no meat. In no other city are the cries of the street hucksters so varied, so vocally picturesque, and so interesting. Some of them date from classic days, and are mentioned in the comedies of Aristophanes. The milk peddlers drive their goats from house to house, furnishing their commodity genuinely fresh. Only foreigners use cows' milk. Garlic is believed to possess mysterious, health-giving properties, besides the power of warding off the "evil eye." Babies

and goats wear a kernel of garlic in a little bag tied around the neck.

We are first overwhelmed with the brightness of the place. The sky is extraordinarily clear and vividly transparent, whereby distant objects seem close at hand. The houses are of stone and stucco, square, all dazzling white, or else a delicate pink, cream or blue. All the roofs are red tile.

The Acropolis is a rocky platform, 370 feet high, 1200 feet long, and 550 wide, steps on all sides, and visible for miles out at sea. The temple on the summit is the Parthenon, the best renowned of all Greek edifices. It was built by Pericles about 440 B. C., in honor of Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom and patron deity of the city. It remained quite intact until 1687, when an accidental explosion of gunpowder stored in it during a war wrought its ruin. Nevertheless sufficient remains standing to impress the beholder as few complete buildings can do, not only the sentiment attending it, but even more its simple grandeur stirring one's heart profoundly. All about it lie the overturned portions, and it is proposed to restore them to their proper places, which could readily be done, giving us back the revered Parthenon in almost the fullness of its beauty. Then the British Museum should be forced by popular opinion to restore the sculptured frieze purloined by that vandal, Elgin, a master-work of Pheidias, portraying a procession of mounted youths honoring the restal day of Athene.

West of the Acropolis is the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, where one of the courts of justice sat, and where St. Paul delivered his immortal sermon. We mount the sixteen steps leading to the summit, the same up which he ascended. Looking at the Parthenon and the other temples, then in the height of their magnificence and the pride of Athens, he dared to utter to the Greeks these appropriate words, suggested by the special treasure of the Parthenon, no doubt, the statue of Athene, made of gold and ivory to the value of a million dollars, and popularly venerated: "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands;" also, "We ought not to think that the God-head is like unto gold or silver, or stone graven by art, or man's device."

The most entrancing view in Athens is from the terrace of the Zappeion, the permanent industrial exhibition building. Before us lies a garden of palms and flowers; farther away are the lofty but few remaining pillars of the Temple of Zeus, the last of their race, standing like sentries on a field whence

the armies have fled. Beyond the Attic plain we discern a strip of the silvered sea, and the island of Aegina floating in a purple haze. Six miles away rises Hymettus, 3465 feet, ever noted for its honey. For a few moments after the sun goes down the mountain's slopes are bathed in a deep, soft, yet vivid violet hue, the poetic Transfiguration of Hymettus, so charming to the ancient Greeks as well. What follows, let George Horton tell: "It is a glorious sight to see the full moon rise from behind Hymettus, large as a votive shield. No wonder the old Greeks worshipped the moon, for she is the most wonderful in Greece. And when that great orb is floating serenely above Hymettus, kissing tenderly the shafts of ancient temples, piercing the darkness between the pillars of the Parthenon, and rubbing the breath of night from the silvery mirror of the sea, one knows that he is indeed in Athens, the only eternal city."

THE GOUNOD RECITAL

On Thursday, May 14, was held the second of the series of recitals given by the school under the direction of Mr. Yeardley.

The first recital consisted entirely of the works of composition of Mendelssohn, the second of Gounod's works.

The work by the school was excellent and showed the thorough drilling which they have had during the year.

Dr. Monroe, who assisted in the last recital also, fulfilled the expectations of those who had heard him before.

Miss Mabel Phillips, who graduated from the High School last year, and has since been attending the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati, showed a voice of remarkable clearness and sweetness. Her voice showed a great amount of training, as well as natural power.

Mr. Walter Ball pleased his audience, as he always does.

The chapel was well filled with an appreciative audience.

Mr. Yeardley is to be complimented not only on the work of the school, but on the way the entertainment was managed.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Piano..March Romaine (while pupils enter chapel)
Miss E. Mabel Glenn.

Chorus
Praise Ye the Father (Arr. from March Romaine)
High School Chorus.

Oh, That We Two Were Maying
Dr. Herman Monroe.

Sing, Smile, Slumber (Serenade)
Miss Mabel Leone Phillips.

Nazareth
Dr. Herman Monroe.

PART II.

Oratorio Selections.

(From the redemption.)

The apostles that were, left at evening met
together (Recitative)
Dr. Monroe, Mr. Ball.

Unfold, Ye Portals Everlasting
Miss Phillips and High School Chorus.

Lovely Appear
Miss Bertha W. Penney and Chorus.

Characterization of Charles Gounod
..... Mr. Yeardley

PART III.

Opera Selections.

(From Faust.)

Light and Gay (Waltz Song)
High School Chorus.

Even Bravest Heart May Swell (Valentine's
Song)
Mr. Ball.

Jewel Song
Miss Phillips.

Hail to the Land (Arr. from Soldiers' Chorus)
Miss Phillips, Mr. Ball, Dr. Monroe
and High School Chorus.

SOME FAMOUS TREES

R. A. S.

The cherry tree is famous in our country, and although it has been turned into a chestnut, it still is the most widely known.

Next in fame comes the Charter Oak. In 1687 Governor Andros, whom King James sent over to be governor of all New England, appeared before the Connecticut Assembly at Harvard and demanded the colony's charter. Tradition tells us that the charter was brought and laid upon the table. In an instant the lights were extinguished and the room was wrapped in total darkness. Not a word was spoken. The candles were again lighted, but the charter had mysteriously disappeared, and although Sir Edmund searched diligently for it, his search was in vain.

Captain James Wadsworth had seized the charter and concealed it in the trunk of this friendly oak tree. The tree was blown down in 1856. The Vice President's chair at Washington is made from its wood, and the place where it stood is marked by a stone monument.

Under the head of Revolutionary trees, several could be mentioned. "Old Liberty Elm" was planted on the Boston Common by a schoolmaster long before the war, and was dedicated to the liberty of the colonies.

It stood till within a few years ago, a living monument to the patriotism of the people of Boston; and when at last it fell, the bells in all the churches of the city were tolled and a feeling of sadness spread over the entire state.

Another famous elm is at Albany, N. Y., and is known as the "Burgoyne Elm." This tree was planted on the day the British General Burgoyne was brought a prisoner to Albany, the day after he surrendered to our army.

The weeping willow on Copp's burying ground, near Bunker Hill, was grown from a branch taken from the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte, at St. Helena.

Under the shade of a grand old elm in Cambridge, George Washington first took command of the colonial army, on May 16th, 1775.

And still some more trees are associated with Washington. There is a beautiful row of immense ash trees planted by him at Mt. Vernon, Va., which everybody admires when they visit the home of the "Father of His Country."

Philadelphia seems to have more than her share

of remarkable trees, for in that city stands a monument which marks the spot where once stood a tree under which William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians.

Passing over to Europe, we find many trees worthy of mention. First of all is the tree in Scotland which sheltered Charles II. About one year after his defeat at Dunbar he made a second attempt to gain the crown of Ireland and Scotland. The battle of Worcester, where Cromwell again routed his forces, was the outcome of this attempt and brought the war to an end. Charles had, however, no real hold upon Scotland, and so, after the battle of Worcester he became a fugitive. The story of his flight to the continent is full of romantic adventure. At one time he was forced to take refuge in an oak tree, and so for years afterwards the story was told of how his majesty looked down from its spreading branches and saw his enemies scouring the country in pursuit, of which Shakespeare tells us.

In England are the Burnham Beeches, the trees of Windsor Forest, and the old tree at Leamington Spa, which marks the center of all England.

In Berlin there is a street which derives its name from the Linden trees which shade it.

The poet's corner gives the "spreading chestnut tree" first place. This tree, made immortal by Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," was made into an arm chair for the author when the time came for it to be cut down.

The poet-sisters, Alice and Phoebe Carey, who have written so many beautiful poems for children, planted a sycamore tree in Hamilton county, Ohio, which is still standing.

And now, the only tree left, aside from the old elm that our own city used to boast of, is the tree that the woodman spared. But in years to come, another tree will be added to the list of already famous trees -- namely, the poplar planted by the class of 1903.

"He had three days of grace left in which to pay the note, and he moved at once to the arctic regions. I wonder why?"

"Well, you know the days there are six months long."—New York Herald.



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